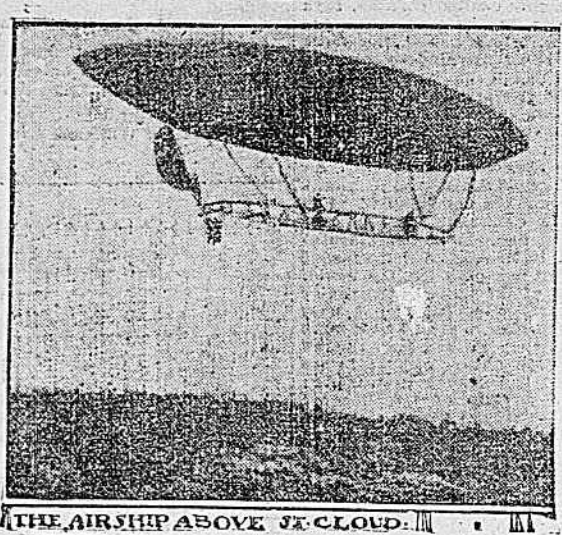
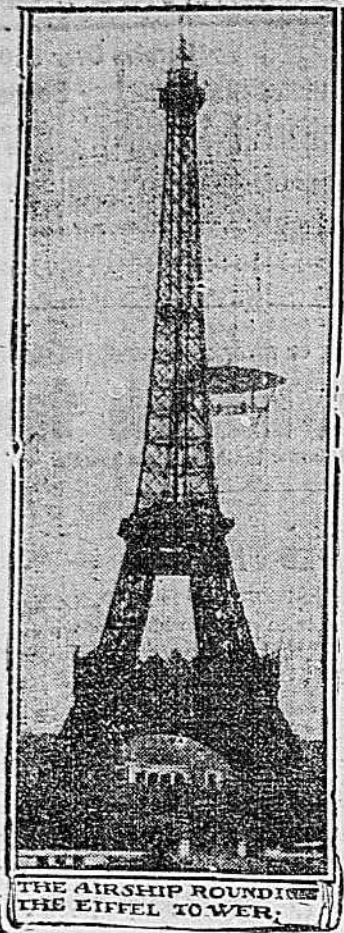


AERONAUT M. SANTOS DUMONT PLANS TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN TWO DAYS.



To fly from Paris to New York and complete the journey in from two to three days is the latest plan of M. Santos Dumont, the famous Brazilian aeronaut. The daring navigator of the air is quite confident that he can perform the feat and the whole world will watch the attempt with great interest.

SCENES I HAVE BEHELD

By THE RT. HON. SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART.

I.—In Delhi After the Mutinies.

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For the full perception of the misery and desolation of Delhi immediately after the Mutinies in 1857, it is necessary to remember what the city had been in historic, almost prehistoric, times and what it was just before these events, say in 1854.

Delhi is situated on the bank of the Jumna, at some little distance, though comparatively not very far, from the base of the Himalayas. It originally dominated the upper basins of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, and was the earliest settled home of the Hindu race. Near it were fought the primal contests between the heroes, recounted in the National Epic which is to the Hindus what the Iliad was to the ancient Greeks. When in the eleventh century the Moslems made their incursions into Northern India, one horde after another, each with the establishment of a conquering dynasty, one overthrowing or succeeding another, they all, or most of them, settled at Delhi. Each of them built its edifices, shrines, mosques, tombs, during a brief tenure of power, and then left them to fall into decay under his successor, who in turn raised his structures and bequeathed to them a similar fate—the ruins grandly remained. Thus the neighborhood displayed the almost infinite spectacle, not of a series of remains, but of several series in close juxtaposition of the same generic type, but with differences in architectural style. The place is not exactly a city of the dead, but a vast field or area of mausolea and monuments. But through these troublous centuries the city of Delhi continued to be a great trading mart on the Jumna, and for the upper Gangetic valley as well. It is not like many Indian cities in the middle ages, founded merely for war and politics, which became deserted and uninhabited when the citadel had been stormed, the chief or the king expelled, and the garrison dispersed. No; it had a commercial position which in the days before seaports and inland communication was the best in Northern India. Furthermore, according to the strategy of those centuries, it had a military position equally advantageous. Thus when, in what would be called by Englishmen the Tudor times, the Mogul Empire was founded on the ruins of the preceding Moslem Kingdoms, Delhi became the Imperial Capital. It had in Agra a sister and a rival; still, owing to its commercial and military advantage, it retained the pre-eminence.

HER GOLDEN AGE.

This was its golden age for art, oriental culture, refinement, decoration, resplendency. The pomp and pageantry were not semi-barbaric, but refined and elegant to a degree never surpassed in any place at any age of history, and were yet full of majesty and nobility. The style of building was the most beautiful ever known in the history of architecture. Rarely, perhaps even never, have finer spectacles been seen than those which must have frequently been displayed here on occasions of Imperial processions, or of marches of Imperial armies. Probably the city was not equalled by any of the most famous cities of Asia, not by Baghdad under the Caliphs, nor by Samarcand under the Tamerlans, nor by Nanking under its Chinese emperors. It was in variety superior to Peking even before the destruction of the Summer Palace. Under British rule no city in India would be equal in stately, imposing effect to the medieval Delhi except, perhaps, Bombay—before the recent visitations of the plague.

On the break-up of the Mogul Empire in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Delhi fell into the hands of the Marathas, a Hindu power of interior culture. It sustained two disastrous attacks by Afghan and Persian hordes, and its plunder was so immense as to be almost fabulous. The titular Mogul Emperor became a puppet in the hands first of the Marathas, and then of the new conquerors, the British. In the beginning of the nineteenth century he was domiciled in his ancestral palace indeed with state and honor, and with a limited jurisdiction in the city and suburbs. But after a little while this jurisdiction was taken away, and he was immured with some magnificence, a State pensioner in the palace. The city sank to the grade of a provincial capital, but as railways had not yet been introduced the advantages of its ancient commercial situation remained. Its trade continued to be great; some of its finer manufactures and industrial arts remained; and its broad bazaars were still glittering in all the

nor a student in the colleges, nor a patient in the hospitals. The great bazaar had been one of the finest things of its kind in the world, and I could remember it well, thronged with the gayest crowds, filled with parti-colored costumes of the brightest hues, fringed with displays of rich stuffs and merchandise, adorned with industrial art. But now it was a desert, a solitude. The coloring had faded from the walls, the carved woodwork had been torn away. It was the fine winter season; the air was bracing, the sky pale blue, the sunshine resting on everything. Nevertheless the coloring in what had been the shade of brightness was now grey, leaden and melancholy. Apparently a doom was brooding over the guilty city.

So I passed on to the Jama Mosque,

known by all connoisseurs to be the queen mosque of the Mohammedan world. No mosque in India—the land of five mosques—nor at Isphahan, nor at Bokhara, nor at Cairo, was so tastefully designed nor so strong in solid material as this. During its palmy days, the severely impressive worship, the orderly array of worshippers, turbaned with light-flowing robes, must have produced a most stately effect in its spacious courtyard, and in the long perspective of its aisles. The structure was still intact, with its swelling marble domes, its well-shaped arches, its walls of red sandstone picked out with marble. But the interior arrangement presented the strangest sight. As the mutinies had arisen from a misapprehension regarding caste and so-called religion, there had

sprung up an angry disregard of considerations of this character. So in this Moslem sanctuary there was quartered a regiment of Sikhs, who were really Hindus and utter infidels in Moslem eyes. They had piled their arms round the pulpit, driven nails into the marbled walls whereon to hang their accoutrements, and had arranged their cooking utensils on the tessellated pavement. They seemed to enjoy the situation, having a hereditary dislike to the Moslems of Delhi and Hindustan, they were not sorry to feed fat their grudge on this occasion.

A HISTORIC INTERVIEW.

So I went on to the Palace, passed through the magnificent gateway, now guarded by a stiff European sentry, thought of the gorgeously picturesque sentinels that, once kept watch and ward here, stood under the fateful tree where the Europeans, men, women and children, had been murdered, entered the Pearl Mosque entirely of marble within and without, probably the most exquisite little structure in the world, which was in the great days reserved for the Emperor alone to worship in, but where no acclon of that Imperial house would ever worship again. I looked out from the balcony overhanging the river, where the Emperor had stood on that eventful May morning to receive the offer of a Crown from mutineers—and was straightway ushered into his presence. I found him in a marbled chamber seated on the ground, that is on a rich rug spread on the dely-wrought floor. At first sight he seemed like an intensely nervous, tremulous, wizened old man, counting beads on a sort of rosary with quivering fingers. Sitting down near him, however, I watched his delicately aquiline profile, and never have I seen so beautiful an outline in a human face. The refined nobility doubtless sprang from the transmission of beauty by selection through many generations. As I conversed with him in his own tongue, the courtly Urdu, he thawed somewhat, but soon relapsed when I conveyed to him the stern message from the Chief Commander that he was to be tried for his life on the capital charge of having sanctioned the murder of the Europeans, of which I possessed the proof. Though willing to hear what he said, I yet warned him that what he might say to me could, if necessary, be used against him. Though naturally reserved on the subject of the murders—he became somewhat communicative otherwise—he said in effect that he had from childhood led an indoor life, never emerging from his palace gates, knowing naught of the outer world, with nothing to look forward to, nothing to think of save the dim ideal of his illustrious ancestor, but when the intending mutineers sent him letters and petitions, he could scarce imagine what it all meant and kept it to himself—that one morning the men suddenly came before him, in apparent force and authority, virtually placed the Imperial Crown on his head, and bade him wield the sceptre of the Delhi Emperor—that he felt the hereditary instinct of authority and issued the necessary orders in all departments—that he soon grew weary of a burden aggravated by the rudeness of the soldiers—that he succumbed before the onset of European arms, and now desired to depart in peace. Soon I took my leave, and cast a parting look on the Last of the Great Moguls!

He was afterwards tried, convicted and sentenced. But the capital sentence was commuted to banishment to Burma across the sea, where he died in confinement. The Jama Mosque above mentioned was,

FREE THIS WEEK

MADAME A. RUPPERT'S
COMPLEXION SOAP
Made from Pure ALMOND OIL. Manufactured by MADAME A. RUPPERT.
NEW YORK CITY.

At Our Store
a full size bar of
Mme. A. RUPPERT'S
Almond Oil Complexion Soap
will be given away FREE with each bottle of
Face Bleach
purchased at our store this week.
AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER WHICH NO ONE SHOULD MISS.

Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach is well known as the most efficacious remedy for removing permanently
Pimples, Black Heads, Freckles, Eczema, Moth Patches, Sallowiness, and Wrinkles
not caused by Facial Expression.

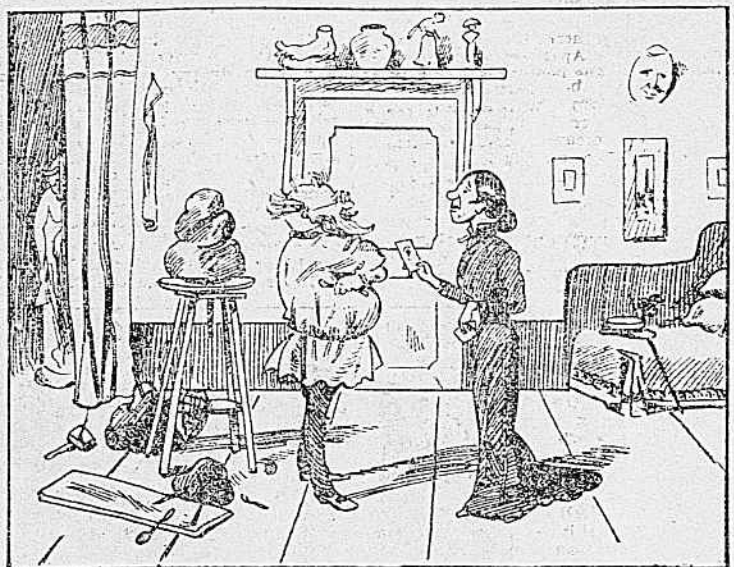
Does not cover up but removes the blemish. It improves a good skin and works wonders with a bad one. Face Bleach is used by thousands of women all over the world.

It is Absolutely Harmless and Always Successful.

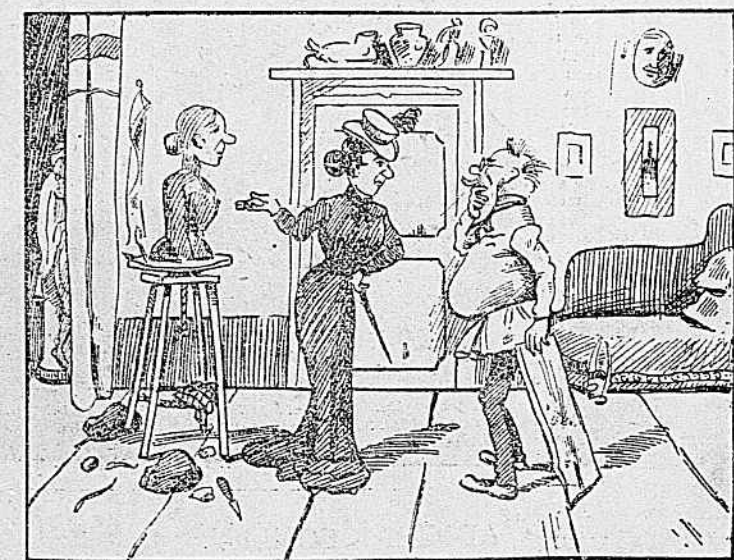
Ask for Mme. Ruppert's book, "How to be Beautiful." It is FREE.

The Cohen Co.
SOLE AGENTS.

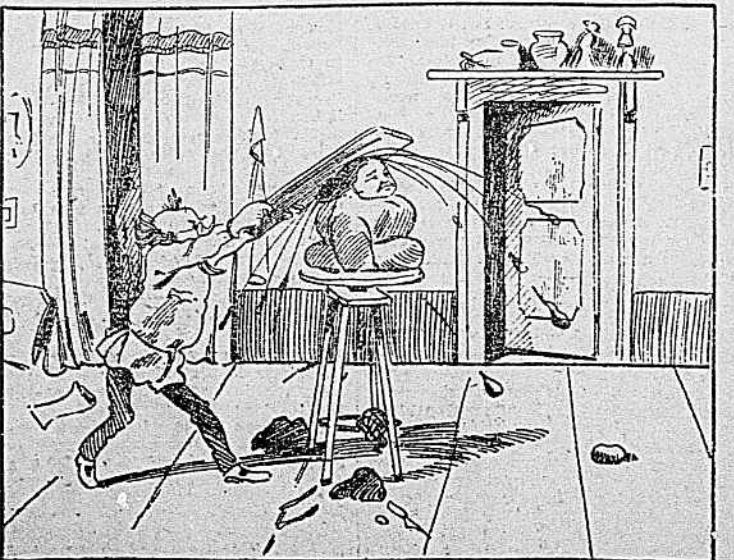
A STUDIO EPISODE.



"Now be sure and make me a real good bust—it's for my future husband."
"Have no fear! Just leave your photograph, and the bust will be ready for you to-morrow."



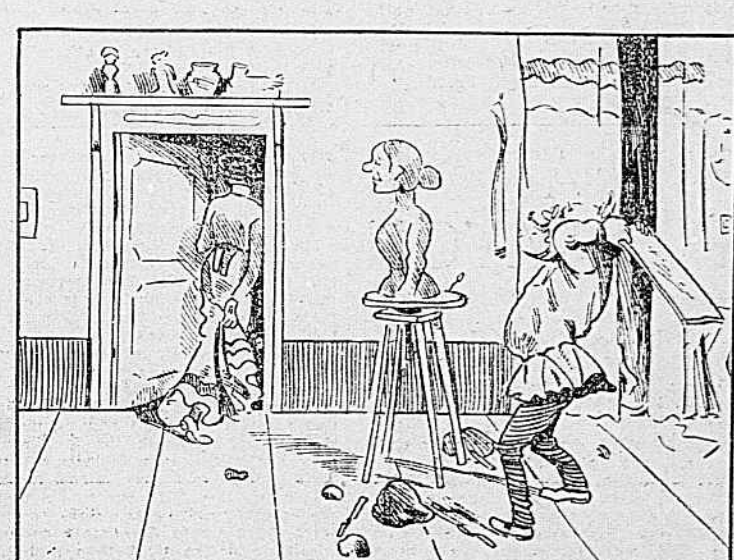
"Just in time, fraulein—your bust is finished!"
"What? That caricature? I refuse to accept it! Good day, sir!"



"What's the use of being an artist in these days?"



"What do you wish, madam?"
"I want my bust in clay, but be sure it's lifelike—it's for my husband's birthday."
"Very well, madam! Leave your photograph and call again to-morrow."



"All my work for nothing! It's enough to make one burst with indignation!"



"Ah, sir, you're a great artist! I'm surprised how quickly and how accurately you caught my likeness! Here's a thousand marks!"—Flegende Blaetter.

From a Bachelor's View

Soap deferred making the boy glad. A woman can't bear to tear up an old love letter, even after she has forgotten who wrote it.

The best way to make a girl sure you love her is to make her believe you can't think of her without shivering all up and down your back.

About the hardest thing to make a woman believe is that she can be intelligent without joining a lot of societies for the improvement of something or other.

The average mother would like to have her first baby look most like its father, except its mother, grandmother and grandfather, and all the aunts and uncles that are good looking.

Good cooks make cheerful husbands. The best way for a man to get married is to try not to.

The rule which women have about secrets is always to keep those that are not worth telling.

When you speak of catching things men think of fish, colds and scoldings; women of husbands.

Men who have married sisters seem to have a great deal of genuine sympathy for each other.

A woman can always be happy without a man to rule her, but she can't be happy with one to do it.

Generally the woman who knows how to cook distills it to do it as much as the woman who doesn't know how likes to do it.

One thing that takes away a good deal of the pleasure for women in camping out where you sleep on the ground is that there is no chance to look for a man under the bed.

What a woman can't understand is how a man will stay up every night for six weeks running all over town trying to make votes for a candidate he doesn't know, but get hopping mad if he has to run across the street to get some paragon for his own back.

Sons are for fathers to admire; daughters to love.

Some women know so little about human nature that they will try to argue with women with facts.

A bachelor knows if he doesn't like it he can change any time; but a married man is there to stay whether he likes it or not.

The great comfort a woman gets [in calling a doctor is that she knows it keeps all her neighbors at the window watching his carriage to see how long he stays.

All a man has to do to make his wife believe he is a genius is to pretend he is so absent-minded that if she didn't look out for him he would put on his suspenders for a necktie.

When a woman says a man drinks she always means he drinks too much.

Either we always seem to be more in earnest than be are or we are less in earnest than we seem.

If women could be got to show the same enthusiasm over municipal problems that they do over military problems reform politics would be easy.—New York Press.

How Brer Williams Settled It.

"Dey tells me dat Brer Williams done come ter grief again?"

"Yes, he in mo' trouble."

"How come?"

"We hearn dat tale 'bout Brer Washington eatin' wid de big white folks?"

"Yes, dey tole it ter me."

"Well, Brer Williams 'low dat his time done come ter settle what dey calls de race problem down disaway, en de sooner it wuz settled de better. So he give a great 'feast', en pick out two er de biggest white mens in de Settlement, en sent 'em an invite ter come eat dinner wid 'em."

"De goodness gracious!"

"Dat what he done. En one er de white mens cut 'im down a pine saplin', en 'ter one onhit de two plov lies 'um off his mule, en meetin' of Brer Williams in de big road, dey took 'im ter de fur woods ter ax 'im a few 'leadin' questions 'bout dis same race problem; en w'en dey got 'thoo' wid 'im Brer Williams say dat settin' down wuzn't good fer de he'll, en dat runnin' a mule a minute wuz de fust exercise in de worl'!" En de las word dey hearn him say de Settlement, en sent 'em an invite ter come eat dinner wid 'em."

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